

TYPHON:
OR,
The Gyants War
WITH
The Gods.

A MOCK-POEM.
In Five CANTO'S

L O N D O N .

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THE Argument OF THE WHOLE.

THe Gyant Typhon's mighty strength ;
His courage, inches, and his length :
The threats, the menaces and odds
Twixt him, the Gyants and the Gods.
Those wonders which as yet but few know,
Besides those Gods and Madam Juno ;
And they are wiser then to tell
Disasters to themselves befell.

The nimble God from heaven sent
Returns with Gyants Complement :
At which the Gods begin to tremble,
And straight a Parliament assemble ;
Who for preventing future harms,
Consult on manner of their Arms :
Debating long, it is decreed
That Vulcan fall to work with speed.

The

The Gyants give the first Alarm
With ill success: again they arm,
Renew a second time the fight
With like success, are put to flight.
Back they return, and gain the odds;
They rout, and they pursue the Gods,
Who cunningly do vary shape
In Wood, the better to escape.

The Gods bethink it base to range
In Woods like beasts, and therefore change
Their borrow'd shapes: at Nylus-banks
God Mercury performs his pranks:
They cloath themselves, to Memphis go;
The Priest and People kindness show:
Great Hercules they send for, who
Attends them with no more ado.

Jove and his son Alcides go
By joyn't consent in quest of foe.
Gyants scale heaven to a wonder;
From thence are he: dlong thrown by Thunder:
A fight determines; where's the odds,
On Gyants side, or on the Gods.
Gyants are slaine, and Typhon flies:
Great Jove pursues, and Typhon dies.

TYPHON

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OR,
The Gyants War.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

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His courage, inches, and his length:
The threats, the menaces and odds
'Twixt him, the Gyants and the Gods.
Those wonders which as yet but few know;
Besides those Gods and Madam Juno;
And they are wiser then to tell
Disasters to themselves befel.



Sing (though not in strain as they)
In ev'ry line do merit Bay;
Not Hector, or the brave Æneas;
Amphiarius, nor Dapanus;

Nor yet of *Thetis* valiant son,
Nor Prentice stout of famous *Lon-*
Don-Town ; they're all such little brats,
That unto these they seem but Sprats
Of whose bold deeds I mean to write :
I chant o' th' man so full of might,
Before whom Thunder-thumping *Jove*
Ran swifter then from Hawk doth Dove
I treat of horrid *Typhon's* acts,
Whose eyes do equalize his facts,
And out of whose each shoulder springs
As many arms as there are Strings
On all the Fiddles of this Town,
Or Sheep that graze on *Barfled-down*.

Among which arms there doth appear
A head would cause *Old Nick* to fear,
And tremble too, did he but gaze on't,
I'll lay a Picce with him that layes on't.
So cross a Rogue was never seen
By Begger blinde of *Bednal-green*
With both his eyes. So much for that:

Now of his Brothers I must chat
A while; and let you understand,
Such children never were of Land,
(Nor of the Earth; but for Rhimes sake,
The Land for Earth this time I take.)
But to the point: pox on the Rhime,
'T has forc'd me to commit a Crime

Against exactnes.) These Braves then,
Who look'd like devils more then men,
Yeelded not in the least for strength,
For thickness, talnes, bredth or length,
For rooting strong oaks, tearing rocks,
Breaking doors, or picking locks,
Passing the Seas without a bridge,
Or skipping o'er a great house-ridge ;
Making a Switch of greatest Oak,
With which the bones of Gods they broke
That ne'er did brag on't (when return'd
Up to the heav'ns, where had sojourn'd
Their Godships) unto their said brother
Both by the father and the mother.

I have digressed somewhat long :

No matter, now I'll to't ding-dong.

You Muses nine that saw the fight

From horrid mount, and in what plight

The Gods were, when great *Jove* with fear

Ran here and there, and everywhere ;

Upon his Horse-bird got astride ;

The devil take the hindmost, cry'd ;

And ran as swift from Pole to Pole,

As if h'd had at his bum-hole

The God of Fire ; in danger great

To break his neck ere the retreat

Had been accomplisht ; till his Bird

On *Nilus*-sands did drop a T-----

Fain would I know the thing (or shape)
The fearful Gods did deign to Ape :
For this most certain is, and true,
They all did fear and tremble too :
But whether Conquest Gyants great
Did favour, or the Gods did bear,
Is not confirm'd ; for since that time
Has not been seen in any clime
Gyants nor Gods ; which makes some say
There's no such thing (a-lack-a-day !)
As Muses nine, or God Apollo.
But mark you what doth after follow :
For Mercury (the King of Posts)
Brings this same news from both the hosts.

All in the Land of *Lumbardy*
 There dwelt, a Kyte ? no, let me see,
 There dwelt a Gyant : now I'll speed,
 (The better day, the better deed)
 'Twas on a Sunday just past noon,
 That *Typhon* having with a Spoon
 Big as is an English Wherry,

IRREGULAR

PAGINATION

I think 'tis fit to let you know,
 Before I any farther go,

Fain would I know the thing (or shape)
The fearful Gods did deign to Ape :
For this most certain is, and true,
They all did fear and tremble too :
But whether Conquest Gyants great
Did favour, or the Gods did beat,
Is not confirm'd ; for since that time
Has not been seen in any clime
Gyants nor Gods ; which makes some say
There's no such thing (a-lack-a-day !)
As Muses nine, or God *Apollo*.
But mark you what doth after follow :
For *Mercury* (the King of Posts)
Brings this same news from both the hosts.

All in the Land of *Lumbardy*
There dwelt, a Kyte ? no, let me see,
There dwelt a Gyant : now I'll speed,
(The better day, the better deed)
'Twas on a Sunday just past noon,
That *Typhon* having with a Spoon
Big as is an English Wherry,
Cramb'd as much as Gut could carry
Of Whales white-broth, and of the meat,
Which in his Maw did cause a heat,
Invited Brothers, gentle Lubbers,
To play with him at Nine-pins, Rubbers.
I think 'tis fit to let you know,
Before I any farther go,

Those Pins they were long-pointed rocks
That with his hands, and some few knocks
H'ad fram'd, that they lookt even so :
The Bowl beat out (by strength of blow)
Of the same stuff ; though not so round,
But that there might be rounder found.

It was about the midst of *May*,
When jolly was the world, and gay :
Thessalia was the proper place
In which this jovial Gyant-race
Did make their Match, in Recreation
To play a Set for a Collation
At Nine-pins. Eight did fiercely play ;
The other betted (as some say.)

The

The three first Games this gallant troop
Did play, they took the pains to stoop,
And minde their sport : but growing hot
With tossing too much of the Pot,
(For they had Ale and strong Beer plenty,
More then enough for them and twenty)
They grew to words, from words to blows:
But *Typhon* with the crooked nose
Stept in between, and cry'd out, Peace ;
Whereat the hubbub straight did cease,
So that they spent the whole long day
Without a blow, or farther fray
Then has bin mention'd. But much better
It had been, to prevent a greater

Mischief, had each giv'n to his mate
A rouzing blow upon the pate,
And cros_s the shins a thousand knocks,
Then *Typhon* with the snakie locks
Had with a Pin got such a blow,
As made him rub from knee to toe.

It was the great *Encelades*
(Pox on his picture) broke the peace ;
Though some say 'twas against his will,
And meerly by the want of skill :
But *Typhon* ne'ertheleſs was neer,
For knock exchanging cuff o' th' ear.
But having made on deed reflexion,
And of his thoughts a recollection,

Still

Still grinning in disdainful wise,
And Lightning flashing from his eyes,
He gather'd Nine-pins up and Boul,
(No Gyant daring him controul)
And hurl'd them up with such a might,
As that they vanish't out of sight,
And could no more be seen by eyes,
But in a moment pierc'd the skies,
And to augment the Gyants wonder,
Did rattle there as claps of Thunder,
Rushing into the very place
Where Gods the Goddesses embrace :
Though they poor souls did not surmize
That Nine-pins would idolatrize :

But

But cramming Panches full with Nectar,
Such as the Goddesses expect for
Appetite, but by reversion ;
For there they hold it an aspersion,
As they in *France* allow a woman
To gurmundize and drink with no man ;
But now and then in private they
Will tipple Nectar fast as Whey.
And thus the Gods resolv'd to drink,
Till night appear'd as black as Ink.
Stout *Mars* took nothing but Tobacco,
Caring not a Fart for Sack though,
Shunning all celestial rooms
Not scented with Tobacco's fumes.

For

For since in *Holland* he had been,
And purchas'd Honour to the keen-
Ness of his weapon, he would dare
With any's valour to compare ;
That being noted for a Bragger,
Some Wags ycleped him Sword-dragger :
Yet lov'd he nothing more then smoak
And Beer, for which he'd pawn his Cloak,
And did ; but nought could yet prevail,
To work a league with him and Ale :
A firy God, and so uncivil,
He onely liv'd to drink and drivel ;
True signe his birth and bringing up
Proceeded from the Pipe and Cup.

But *Jupiter*, who drank his fill,
Lay fast asleep close by his Gill :
Juno lay by *Sileneus*'s Ass :
(*He Bacchus* foster-father was.)
Who saw them in this plight, might think
They had but little need of drink.
I will not say, Here lay a Punk,
Or there lay one was worse : but drunk
They were like Gods ; and ev'ry Goddess
Lay reeking as the joyn't that sod is.
Drink by Philosophy we finde,
Quells perturbations of the minde ;
Dissolves those cares that do controul
The life and vigour of the soul.

In such a sleep the Gods were cast :
But when a nap or two was past,
They being frighted with the noise
Caus'd by those Nine-pins, Gyant-boys
Had flung ; *Jove* starting up, quoth he,
Is this a time to disagree ?
Dissentions are for mortal elves ;
Gods should agree among themselves.
By this we seem as Fools and Cods heads,
With Nine-pins to assault the Gods heads.

The Deities by this time heard
Joves voice, which made them fore afeard.
When scales were from the eye-lids broke,
Had they known how, they would have
 (spoke,
 But

But standing all as in a maze,
With eyes did nothing else but gaze,
Quoth *Jupiter* once more, Who's there ?
Where are you all ? Bring me a Chayr.
But *Venus* half awake (good heart)
In stead of answer, let a fart :
But straightway conscious of a guilt,
And fearing scent from what was spilt ;
Quoth she, 'Tis nothing, dreadful Sir.
You lye, you Whore ; I heard a stir,
And I will know what is the matter.
Thus *Jove* continu'd raving at her.
Venus said nought, but thought the more,
And pouted at the stile of Whore.

Jove

Jove raging still more fierce and mad,
Well may we think not one was glad.
Twice, by the Alcoran he swore,
And bit his thumbs as oft, or more.

Pallas observing well this fit,
Forsakes the place where she doth sit,
Or lie, 'tis no great matter which ;
It seems her fingers ends did itch
To be with *Jove* : so having bow'd,
Spoke words like these, (but not aloud).
Great Sir, whose anger is as fire,
Consuming such as feel your ire,
Be as a God, more prone to love
Then to destroy : Oh let me move

Your pitie ; hearken unto me :
Those Cups which on the ground you see
Broke into fitters, and those Glasses,
Are all your own : but now what passes
On earth, which caus'd your Glasses fate,
I cannot to your Grace relate :
Thus much, your Glasses all are broke,
Too brittle to endure the stroke
Come from the Earths side; likewise they
That did the fact are fled away.

Quoth *Jove*, (& frowning, bit his tong)
The villain shall repent this wrong,
Could I but know him. *Momus* cry'd,
Surely you are all heavie ey'd ;

And

(And with that mirth he's always in)

'Tis nothing but a blow with Pin.

Quoth angry *Jupiter*, Buffoon,

Leave fooling, or repent it soon :

Is this a time to carp and jest,

When Mortals dare the Gods molest ?

If you'd have heels be kept from fetters,

Be mute in presence of your betters :

No more of that ; but now I'll know

What mortal there can be below,

Durst in this manner break my rest,

Or hatch such treason in his brest ?

Are not the heavens Ninepin-proof ?

I swear by *Pegasus* his hoof,

I'll be reveng'd of Pins and Bowl.

Quoth *Pallas*, Sir, upon my soul
There's not a Glass left whole : *Mon Dieu*,
The Gods themselves must drink in shoe.

Thus each day does create new pranks ;
Mortals (for mirth) deserve our thanks.
The thanks return'd shall as Rue (bitter)
Be unto all, quoth *Jupiter* :
If straight I put not Rods in piss
For them, they will do worse then this :
By *Pluto*, my revenge shall flie
(As th' injury, and I am) high.

As *Jove* was venting thus his spleen,
Sol enters with his wearied Teem,

And

And hearing *Jove* make such a clatter,
Said to the next, Pray what's the matter?

Straight did *Silenus* tell him what
Befel them all, and what had not.

Says *Sol* to *Jove*, I'll tell you, Sir,
For I saw all that caus'd this stir.

Be brief, quoth *Jove*, (and omit nothing)
Because prolixity is loathing.

Sol having briefly laid the state
Of dreadful *Typhons* acts of late ;
Quoth *Jove*, A word to th' wise : now stay,
I will that straight, without delay,
God *Mercury* descend to th' earth ;
His message 'tis must spoil their mirth :

Let him shew *Typhon* his mistake,
Who thinks of *Jove* an *Als* to make ;
Tell him, his Gyant-like retinue,
Nor all the stock of their Revenue,
Shall hinder justice : they shall know,
Whether 'tis I, am *Jove* or no.

Be sure you do your Message well,
In State and Order ; to them tell
Their own. *Mercury* having heard
The Embassie, he stroakt his beard,
(Or Chin in lieu) saluted hand,
And scrap'd a leg : I understand
(Quoth he) my duty, and the strife.
With that he 'gins to handle Knife,

Or

Or Sword, which girting on his side,
Doth next his Snakie Staff provide :
Slips on his winged shooes, on's head
He clapt his feather'd Cap, and fled
As fast as wings could bear him down,
O'er River, Citie, Wood and Town.

At last he came unto the place
Where *Typhon* and his Gyant-race
(Some standing, others sate on Crupper)
Were just providing for their Supper :
Of what that Supper did consist,
See here a true and perfect List.

An hundred lustie Oxen slain,
Which they had stole by might and main

From Herds-men ; Sheep some four times
Got by the means as said before, (more,
Which *Cacus* a notorious knave,
Had stole by night, and hid in Cave :
Twas he that thought he once could beat
(And fought with) *Hercules* the Great ;
But lost his Kingdom, and at length
His life, by *Hercules* his strength.
This *Cacus* did in *Carthage* reign ;
At length in *Italy* was slain.
There leave we him, and fall to Mutton,
As good as ever knife was put on.
Their Sheep they roasted whole on Trees,
In stead of Spits, and that with ease :

Trees

Trees that for length, & strength, & barks,
Bore Sheep as little Spits do Larks.

The rank beneath was less ; the last,
About the smallness of a Mast.

Their fire a Forest was, which they
Design'd before for that same day.

They thus prepar'd, in came the God,
Who crying, Humh ! and giving nod,
Began his brief and formal story,
And they to round him tory-rory.
Quoth one of them, Whoop holiday !
'Tis very true, what do you say ?
Then quoth another, with disdain,
The God is out, begin again.

I tell you once more, that great *Jove*
(Quoth *Mercury*) who rules above,
Has sent me here, to let you know
He rules (as well as there) below ;
And were you bigger then you are
Ten times, yet he is higher far :
Your men are Rogues, & women Whores,
And he's resolv'd to pay your scores :
His threats are chiefly to you, *Typhon*,
For having lewdly spun your life on ;
He sendeth word you are a Knav,
A Thief, a Cheat, a Rascal, Slave ;
And does command that straight you go
And buy him Glasses : doing so,

If

If they be *Venice*, number cent,
His choler may no farther vent.
Then, with acknowledgement of blame,
Present to *Jupiter* the same ;
And let him (with submission) know,
'Tis your request to kiss his toe :
Be ready too, without a halt,
To cry *Peccavi* for your fault :
Then if you adde, 'Tis past and gone,
And never shall the like be done ;
This contest may not onely end,
But *Jupiter* will be your friend.

The Gy ants hearing this discourse,
With stomacks big as that of horse

AVV
Began

Began with scorn to laugh and scoff.
The God in studie to get off,
As being fearful. *Typhon* then :
Though you are Gods, and we but Men,
(Quoth he) yet know, for I'll be plain,
If you a quarrel will maintain,
And that with neither fear nor wit ;
Tell *Jove*, I hold no answer fit,
But this : We will not purchase Glasses
For him, nor his celestial Asses :
Let him send *Ganimed*, that elf,
Or take the pains to go himself.
The nimble God before in plight,
Was now enraged at this slight ;

In milde expressions gave a threat,
But durst not any more repeat :
For Gyants valu'd Gods no more
Then Swine do Pearl, or costly Ore.
But *Mercury*, more knave then fool,
Put up (as Proverb saith) his Tool ;
And instantly he took his flight,
Till gotten clearly out of sight.
We'll now suppose h'as reacht his home,
And unto *Jupiter* is come :
For he had flown with greater speed
Then I can write, or you can read.
The Gods themselves that hourly move
In highest orbs, can drink and love ;

And

And so did *Jove*, who scorn'd to shrink,
Whilst heart to love, or mouth to drink :
He drank so much that very day,
That all his Sense was fled away ;
And *Mercury* concealed Tale,
Till *Jove* had slept away his Ale.



CANTO



CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

*The nimble God from heaven sent
Returns with Gyants Complement :
At which the Gods begin to tremble,
And straight a Parliament assemble ;
Who for preventing future harms,
Consult on manner of their Arms :
Debating long, it is decreed
That Vulcan fall to work with speed.*

*Jupiter's Mistress, red as Rose,
Was dropping dew from eyes or nose ;
'Tis all a case : for drops are drops,
Come they from eyes, or nose, or chops.*

Her

Her grief occasion'd by a fly-blow,
 Yclep'd by knowing ones, a by-blow :
Calisto 'twas, *Diana's Maid*,
 Whom *Jupiter* to lust betraide.

Gods are (like mortals) dull & stupid,
 When once they're subje&t unto Cupid :
 If there's brutality in Men,
 Or Gods, it must be chiefly then.
 Yet strange to think, the Gods should do
 What Men abhor, and blush at too :
 But Gods and Men in folly move,
 When captiv'd by the power of love.

When *Mercury* arose from sleep,
 'Twas then he saw *Calisto* weep.

Have

Have you not in a Chimney seen
A sullen Faggot moist and green ;
How slowly it admits of heat,
And does not only weep, but sweat ?
So fares an unexperienc'd Virgin,
When Jupiter himself is urging :
But dry-wood-like, the practick Dame
Cracks, and rejoices at the flame.

Quoth Mercury, If thus you grieve,
I must do so, or must not live :
O let me know your cause of sorrow.
But rising up, quoth she, Good-morrow.
So parted Mercury and her.
At length he came to Jupiter,

Right early, for avoiding blame ;
And him he found in bed with Dame,
Who being sensible of wrong
She had receiv'd, was using tongue :
For *Jupiter* had often stunk
With drink, when home returning drunk :
Her help still nothing but condoling,
Whilst he abroad was Caterwoling :
For this same little fault he had,
Sometimes he would a Whoring gad ;
In other matters none more civil,
(For there are dues belong to devil)
And to speak truth, no equal there is
To him in *Lombardy* or *Paris* ;

Nor

Nor can the like of him be found
All over the *Utopian* ground.
God *Mercury* was loth to venter
At first, but by and by did enter,
Just as he heard the Goddesses say,
What shall that Maiden do, I pray?
What mad-man do you think will take her
Now you have plow'd upon her Acre?

Jove seeing *Mercury* appear,
As one most glad to see him there,
Without his Slippers or his Hose,
To rise he does himself dispose;
And straightway gives the God command
To let him clearly understand

The cause o'th'late and sudden action,
What *Typhon* says for satisfaction ;
Or if the mortals dar'd to own
Th'abuses they of late had done.

(Great *Jove*) quoth *Mercury*, I'll tell
What during my abode befel
Since I descended from the skie,
(And hang me if I tell a lie)
Though 'twas my study to dehort all,
They cry'd, The Gods like us are mortal :
And if in strength did lie the odds,
Then they themselves would all be Gods.
Quoth they, This carry to your *Jove* ;
Nor threats, nor he himself shall move

Us to excuse whatever Fate
By our dire&ions did of late.
Then howl'd they as if they were mad :
I fearing their intentions bad,
And that in this their dreadful ire
They'd synge my wings with flames of fire,
Did sneak away. They seeing that,
Cry'd out, Halloo, a Rat, a Rat ;
Hold him there. I, in this sad plight,
Had almost lost my ears and sight :
For, what with smoak of fire, and noise,
I hardly saw, or heard I voice
But what was most confus'd : I'm sure,
I understand thus much, endure

Such an affront ? 'tis lead and base ;
We'll geld the rogue upon the place.
At this their rudeness, wonder not
If by agility I got
Away. Here *Jove* commanded son
Forbear : Enough, quoth he, ha' don :
Go, get your breakfast, then in haste
Summon the Gods ; let no time waste :
Be diligent to let them know
I'd have their counsels 'gainst the foe.
Jove wisely thought few words were best,
Kept his intentions in his brest ;
Only he frown'd, and then he swore ;
Said little, though he thought the more.

Typhon the while, we may agree, ^{now will}
Did swear and rant as fast as he: ^{all the while}
This news report did straight afford, ^{and will}
Typhon would come with fire and sword, ^{it seems}
With him the stout *Encelades*, ^{it seems}
With divers others great as these. ^{and will}
That Gyant *Mimas* fierce and proud, ^{will}
Stood up, and spake his thoughts aloud; ^{it seems}
He curs'd the Gods, and in his tale ^{it seems}
Said much, that did as much prevail ^{it will}
With Typhon's humour: quoth he, Now ^{now}
We all must make a solemn Vow ^{it will}
To be reveng'd of this same *Jove*, ^{now will}
That threatens Thunder from above: ^{it will}

Be you as me, and I as you,
We'll finde him work enough to do.
What if he doth somtimes with Thunder
Rend Steeples, Tow'rs, & Rocks asunder?
Cannot we do the same, or can
He that which can't be done by man?
If we unite, by strength of arm,
Our valour shall outdo a Charm.
Couragious friends, what need we fear?
I'll pluck him from his stately Chayr
By th' beard, and thereby hurl him round,
Until his length upon the ground
Be measur'd: then I'll set in flames
His Starry house, and make his Dames

Be

C

Or

Or Goddesses from that time prove
The strength of me, and fate of *Jove* :
Nay, *Venus*, *Pallas*, *Juno* proud,
I'll get with bearn in softest cloud.
What if the *Titans* they did rout ?
'Twas not because the Gods were stout ;
It was a pannick fear possest
The *Titans* ; they in thought possest,
At first gave way, anon they run :
So by their folly were undone :
From thence we must derive the date
Of Star-cross *Tytan*'s rigid fate :
A meer Goat-skin affrighted so,
They ran without or stroak or blow,

As if they met (as people say)

Not to engage, but run away.

Those of them that appeared stout,

Were forc'd to do as did the rout;

And good shift too, for by *Orlando*,

A man can do but what he can do.

But we'll be like our selves: now see

Which of you all will follow me:

For he that dares in field to die,

Does in the bed of Honour lie:

Nor can those Heroes once be dead,

But sleep, when laid in Honours bed.

Typhon with gladness hearing this,

Said to the rest, It were amiss

Long

Long to defer their punishment.

Quoth *Mimes* then, By your consent

Let us all laugh, rant, tear the ground,

So loud, that they may hear the sound

On high, the place where they reside;

The noise will somewhat quell their pride:

A Match, then cry'd *Porphyron*,

Who soon was answer'd by *Thoos*.

This *Thoos* was of Trojan birth,

And by *Ulysses* kill'd to earth.

Then joynly they began to Hollow;

The chief among them were as follow:

Great *Ephialtes*, *Neptune's* son,

He who the attribute had won

Of

Of Gyant huge, for strength and hew;
For he nine inches monthly grew: Meno
Japet, Pelor, Celadon,
Athos, Damasor, Gration,
Cycaon, Clytius, Echion,
Pollibotes, Laomedon,
Pallenus, and Alcyonens,
Almops, Cynus, and Besbeus,
Briareus, Ceractus, and Clius,
Anteus, Ascus, Titius,
Numantia, Gyas, Bergion,
Pallas, Lapetus, and Albion,
Lyncus, Buricus, Coeus,
Argyropes, and Alocus,
Grecian
Hellenic
Enritus,
10

Euritus, Agrivus; with these,
The King of Thrace, *Diomedes*:
They all at once did howl and roar,
Made thousand antick tricks and more;
And on a sudden they did bawl,
A Typhon, Typhon, one and all.

Whilst thus they did conspire below,
Jove in the clouds ran to and fro,
Banning and cursing *Carman*-like,
Commands that neither Gun, nor Pike,
Sword, Halbert, Headpiece, Back or Breast,
Be wanting in each quarter; rest
Abandons: thus he threatens wonders,
Which shortly he'd perform by Thunders.

Com-

Commandeth Mercury prepare
Some Exhalations fine and rare ;
Use skill and art, but no remorse ;
Get them by fair means or by force.
The speedy God in haste did run,
And told his Message to the *Sun* ;
Who answer'd, he had no such trash
But what required ready Cash.
The little God assur'd him then,
If trust, he should be paid agen.
At length quoth *Sol*, Come, let me see,
I seldom deal with friends like thee :
Tell *Jove*, I'll furnish him with store ;
And if he wants, he shall have more.

Mer-

Mercury breaking air in haste,
Soon reacht his place forsaken last ;
There found he all the Gods assembled,
Some stunk for fear, and others trembled
(At these fell Gyants impudence)
A third sort had nor wit nor sense.
As soon as *Mercury* they spy'd,
Before, behinde, on every side
They flockt about him, to enquire
What arms, what men, and what attire
The Gyants us'd against their foes.
Quoth *Mercury*, There's none but knows
As much as I : for can you think
That I, that forced was to wink

The

That little time I tarry'd there,
Could learn so much as one affair
Of what you have so lately spoke ?

But I presume they fight with smoke :
For I so thorowly was fill'd

With fumes, that fearing to be kill'd,

I gladly scap'd away. The Gods,

By sighs, by symptoms, and by nods,

Exprest their careful zeal : for when

Gyants are more then meerly men,

And threaten to do more then elves,

The Gods should seem above themselves.

Now by unanimous consent,

They straightway call'd a Parliament.

Down

Down do they all in order sit,
(Not by their Honestie or Wit,
But) as in Honour they excel,
Their method was exactly well.
As for Example, God of Seas
Took place of him was God of Pease
Or Gardens; and the God of Wine
Preceded this, be'ng of the Line
And Royal Bloud of mighty Jove,
(Reasons strong enough to move)
To them came Jupiter, with Crown
On's head, on back Skie-colour'd Gown,
With Cupid bearing up his Train,
For fear of rents, or spots, or stain;

Neatly comb'd and curl'd his hair ;
In's hand a Thunder-bolt he bare,
But not so big as them he throws
From high, t' exterminate his foes :
It was a Pocket-Thunderbolt,
Scarce big enough to kill a Colt
Not three days old ; onely to shew
What *Jupiter* had pow'r to do :
And some there are which do presume
'Twas fill'd & stuff'd with sweet Perfume.

Next unto him, with visage milde,
Old *Time* came creeping as a childe ;
Weary'd, upon his Sythe he leant,
With coming thither almost spent :

He

He plac'd himself within a Chayr
Next his own son, that he might hear
The better. Age had struck him blinde,
Or deaf, the truth I cannot finde.

Nor is 't material. *Pallas* then,
(Who something knew belong'd to men)
At first sate down ; but lifting breech
From seat, she thus deliver'd speech :
Ye Gods, we're here together met ;
What then remains, but that we set
In Council how to manage Wars
With Gyants that occasion Jars ?

Thus said, the Hector Mars stood up,
(And he it seems had got a Cup)

Too much) he ratled Oaths so loud,
They crackt like Thunder in a cloud :
Quoth he, Away with all this noise ;
I'll bring you *Typhon* and his boys
My self : the Gods would honour those
Too much, should they appear as foes :
Their weapons and themselves I scorn ;
Who dares not die, should not be born.

Quoth *Jove*, By all the Gods of *Greece*,
I'll make that Rascal hold his peace :
Thou Flash, 'twas *Neptune*'s turn to speak.
Mars hearing this, began to sneak ;
Sat down as quiet as a Lamb,
But in his heart did curse and damn.

Jove's

Jove's brother having hauk'd and hum'd
I mean old Neptune cold and num'd,
And having spit a pool of Fleam,
That stuck in's throat, & spoil'd his theam
When put off hat, and made a bow,
He would have spoke, but knew not how.
The Gods, that like himself were sage,
However, did respect his age,
Advis'd him cover head with hat,
For fear of cold : so down he sat,
Adjudging it more meet to sit,
Then standing up to cough and spit
Among the Gods, who not a few,
Were thereby almost like to spew.

Then *Bacchus* who was sitting by,
And laughing till he seem'd to cry,
Took Handkerchief, and wiping eyes,
Impos'd a silence in the skies :
But having drank his mornings dose,
Quoth he, In spight of *Typhon's* nose,
I'll an Imbargo lay on Wine ;
Nor shall it be consum'd by Swine :
For such these Gyants are ; if then
They want good Wine, like other men
They will appear ; they're now the high'r
By help of Grape that does inspire.
The Gods themselves are but as Specter,
(So Men) if not refresh'd by Nectar.

17

If

If they continue drinking Wine,
Or feed upon Westphalia-swine,
Mushrooms, Shallots, Anchovies, and
The chiefest dainties of the Land;
So long as they shall have no lack
Of Sherry, Malago, and Sack;
They'll drink until they are as drunk
As they that fight for Madam Punk;
They'll call no rogues, & whores & Panders,
And those are excellent Meanders;
Wherein (if Giants are not watcht)
The Gods may suddenly be catcht.

Thus *Bacchus* having gravely spoke,
Momus, that even then awoke,

(For he before had slept) stood up,
Quoth he, Give *Bacchus* t'other cup :
He that speaks sense deserves to drink ;
Fill him some *Nectar* to the brink :
He spake sense now, but drank before ;
Give him some drink, he'll utter more :
It should be (*Ganimede*) your part
To be provided with a Quart
For whoſo wants. Thus went he on,
Till *Jove* cry'd out, No more, ha' done,
You carping Knave ; or if you'll not,
I'll mince you ſmall as herbs in pot :
Or if you'd drop a word i' th' way,
When any here hath ought to ſay:

This

This is no more a place for laughing,
Then for untimely talk, or quaffing.
For all these checks, you may believe
The Knave laugh'd at him in his sleeve.

Then quoth *Salacia*, *Neptune's* wife,
This *Momus* does delight in strife.
More she'd have said, when *Vulcan* came,
Limping to *Jove*, (for he was lame)
And Blacksmith-like, without a Band,
By'r leave, quoth he, with Cap in hand:
Great Sir, I judge we ought to shew
What dutie you may claim as due:
Yet if you have your eye or ear
From *Momus*, he doth laugh and jeer.

Then

Then *Jupiter* I know it well,
He's such another fiend of hell :
Nor he, nor any of his Race,
Were ever worth a Fiddle-case.
But 'tis no matter : pray retire,
And tell us, thou great God of Fire,
The means to quell these Gyant-dogs.
Let me alone to forge out Clogs,
Quoth *Vulcan* : but I'll tell you, Sirs,
The best defence against the Gurs
Is to bar up your windows all
With iron Grates, and raise your wall.
I'll forge them out so strong, you'll say,
The workman merits double pay :

They

They shall defend with so much ease,
Heav'n needs no other bars then these.
The thing requires some haste, I trow ;
Straight to my Cyclops will I go,
And cause them beat with strength of arm
Bars to protect the Gods from harm.

So fare you well. 'Twas *Momus* now,
That next with tongue began to plow :
For 'tis to him as Cash and Diet
To talk, and poison to be quiet.

Quoth he, 'Tis foolish ; Gyants are
So tall, they'll reach to iron bar,
There fix a hold, by that means get
Perhaps to place where now we sit :

For

For if they once get hold of Grate,
They'll quickly burst a room for pate ;
And if the head does enter hollow,
The body certainly will follow :
Now let them use their utmost skill,
They can't get in, so hugely ill
Their holding is ; for Gyant proud
Has nothing to embrace but cloud.

Quoth Jupiter, I pray give o'er ;
We have consider'd this before :
What you say we'll prevent with Guard
Shall watch from time the Gods are barr'd ;
And they conclude it must be Iron
That shall the Deities environ.

Thus

Thus having said, they all agree

To stand or fall by *Jove's* decree.

By this time night came on, and they

Adjourn'd to th' next approaching day :

For sitting all this while on Crupper,

From morning till the time of Supper,

They weary'd were ; but now they come

As fast as legs could carry bum :

One party takes his way to Tavern,

Others dispose themselves for Cavern ;

But he that made himself a guest,

However hasted to his rest.

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Gyants give the first Alarm
 With ill success: again they arm,
 Renew a second time the fight
 With like success, are put to flight.
 Back they return, and gain the odds ;
 They rout, and they pursue the Gods,
 Who cunningly do vary shape
 In Wood, the better to escape.*

THe news of Gyants war is hot :
 Some say they'l fight, & some say not :
 But Gods and Gyants do intend
 By War to seek each others end.

The

The Gyants think it better far,
Then be as meerly Gyants are :
For if of *Jove* they gain the odds
By conquest, they shall all be Gods.

Jove likewise summons Exhalations,
With other warlike preparations :
With these (as in a trice) he tries
To plant defences for the skies.

The Gyants being told by Scout,
(For such went hourly in and out)
They silently without bravado,
Consult to stop the Barricado.
For things of such a nature sprung,
Want action rather then a tongue.

So

So having labour'd all that night,
Without or noise, or use of light,
Encelades the Gyant bold
At first attempt almost got hold
Of window small, & thought with chains
To make a bridge should anfwer pains,
By which according to his will,
With ease he'd tumble hill on hill.

Now by great chance, as *Jove* would ha't,
He having got a worm in pate,
While other of the Gods were sleeping,
Had near-hand dearly paid for peeping :
For standing high upon a Cricker,
With hand he open'd heaven-Wicket;

Ence-

Encelades began to run :

Ods waouns, quoth *Jove*, we're all undone.

Both were amaz'd ; but Gyant pist

A mighty river ere he list

Look back : then seeing *Jove* to nod,

Let *Jove* be ne'er so much a God,

Quoth he, I'll to him, and relate,

As Prophet, his prodigious fate.

But *Jove* was not so much a fool,

To stay when Gyant put up tool :

For you may think, 'twould stir his bloud

To see the Gyant piss a floud,

And then return with courage new.

Jove knowing better what to do,

Wisely clapt to the Wicket, and
Cry'd to the Gyant, Prethee stand,
And cool thy heels. With this his voice
Juno awoke, and hearing noise,
Came running : She for haste had spread
An old blue Apron on her head ;
And on her breech, in stead of coat,
A thredbare Cloak not worth a groat :
'Twas Ganimed's ; but I shall spare
To shew its cause of being there.
By this through cranny did espy
Encelades was standing by ;
And judging sic, (as she had reason)
Extended mouth to utter Treason ;

And

And she was not of chops so small,
But that she could full loudly baul.

Two of the Gods with sword in hand
Rusht headlong in : the one cry'd, Stand.
Jove mean while keeps a heavie potter:
Some Powder here, the rogues to smother:
My Thunder-bolt, my Match, my Flask
Now come, you dogs, I'll set a task,
Quoth he ; and instantly doth catch
Up Powder, Thunder-bolt, and Match:
No noise, quoth he, of Pipe and Drum ;
Finger on nose, and crying Mumshushu
He fits his tackling ; then quoth he, and o²
What Jove can do, you straight shall see :

With that, unto the window goes,
Opes it, and stands upon his toes,
Thunder in hand, and strutting now,
As in the gutter does the Crow.

But Fate had almost done its worst :

For whenas *Jupiter* did burst
The Wicket open second time,

Encelades did upward climb ;

For he had piled stones below,

Whereon he stood : and it was now,

As soon as *Jove* had gotten thither,

Encelades with quill or feather

So brusht the God upon the eye,

That he cry'd out, I die, I die :

For

For you may note, the quill was big,
Or *Jove* would not have car'd a fig :
Besides, with stroak, upon the ground
Was cast, and thereby fear'd a wound :
But as it hapt, the greatest hurt
Was onely that he fell in durt.

Jove was no sooner on his back,
But all the rest amazed pack :
'Twas wisdom to secure their lives,
(And they must go, the devil drives.)
Jove seeing all were fled away,
Got up, and ran as fast as they :
And well he scap'd ; for what says Pluck?
The greater Knav, the better luck.

The Wicket was (it seems) so small,
That Gyant had no room to crawl :
Which Jove perceived (being gone)
As far as we may cast a stone :
And if from thence he had not seen
Encelades to stick between,
As Ram that is trappan'd in thicket,
Jove never had return'd to Wicket :
For at that time, one silly elf
Might beat a God or two himself,
Their fear amaz'd them so. But when
Great Jove returned back agen,
Encelades the Gyant saw
'Twas time and wisdom to withdraw ;

And

And so he did, with much ado :
But Lord, the rubbish that they threw
On's head, when he was gotten down !
And after they had Piss-pots thrown,
Went heaps of stones to further slaughter,
And Kettles too of scalding water.

This made the Gyant quit his place
To Mimæs, one of Loobie-race,
Who loving mischief with his heart,
Most ready was to take his part :
And th'other Gods on noise of summon,
Forsaking beds, in clusters come on ;
Some so possest with Leaden sleep
And terror, that they seem'd to peep

Through the thin curtains of their eyes.

Immediately the Gods advise :

The number now grown great, 'twas hard

You'll say, if *Jove* should want a guard ;

Nor did he : for when Gyant-rascal

Came, quoth *Jove*, My friends, I ask all,

Will ye agree to fight ? for why ?

You have your choice, or fight, or die :

My resolution is to force on,

Beyond the angry strength of *Orson* :

But they as Gods made this resolve,

Whatever dangers do involve,

We'll follow thee ; nor will we spare

In thy behalf to do and dare.

With

With that, *Jove* taking heart-a-grace,
Pluckt Thunderbolt from out of case,
And having prim'd and cookt the same,
Now then, quoth he, begins the game.
By this time *Mimas* (almost enter'd)
Surprized *Jove*, who forthwith ventur'd,
Discharging of his Thunder-gun,
(The biggest ever seen by Sun.)
No sooner had the Powder took,
But instantly a mighty nook
From Gyant *Mimas* monstrous snout
Flew off; which grieved him, no doubt.

But hold, methinks I hear it sed,
Could Gyant *Mimas* get in head
And

And body too, when as the other
Could not, withall his art and pother ?
For information, you may conster
Encelades the greater Monster :
I have consulted those that know,
And have maintain'd it with a Vow,
Mimas was much the lesser man,
By furlongs three, and half a span.
When *Mimas* did perceive his treat,
He fear'd his dangers might be great :
As Proverb saith, his judgement saw,
Necessity has little Law.
Out did he get more fast then in :
'Tis true, he left behinde his chin ;

Lau.

What

What then? 'tis better when in strife,
To lose a chin, than forfeit life.

'Twas now, when Gods perceived this,
That they unanimously hiss ;
Call'd Gyant coward, frown'd, and strut,
As Cocks o'th' game within a Hut :
Their uproar was so hugely lowd,
That other Deities do crowd ;
From divers parts they're seen to run,
This with a Pitchfork, that with Gun,
Another with a Spit, a fourth
Perhaps with weapon lesser worth :
For when they heard the noise command,
Each seiz'd on what came next to hand.

The

The jolly troop in this disguise
Marcht on, commanded by the wise
And skilful *Pallas* : never troop
More like to make the Gyants stoop.

Jove having spied this recruit,
Quoth he, Let's follow in pursuit ;
And crying, All's our own, my boys ;
Lay down (continu'd he) these toys ;
Take each of you a well-made sword,
'Twill serve the turn, I'll pass my word.
With that, *Jove* on his Eagle strides ;
Swift as the Bird could move, he rides
After the Rebels, at which time
Each God does to the window climb,

Ambitious in their heat of love,
Which should be necrest unto *Jove*.
Thus they press on, the Gyants run ;
The Gods would fight, the Gyants shun ;
The Gods pursue, the Gyants flie ;
The Gods prevail, and Gyants die.
But as some wiser are then some,
Jove order gave, that sound of Drum
Should rally forces ; thinking fit,
That being weary'd, they should sit
And breathe a while. At which God *Mars*
Incensed, cry'd, If us'd to Wars,
Or knew of Victory the gain,
You'd surely blush when you complain :

Not

Not to pursue them and their fate,
May make our selves unfortunate :
Let's on ; for having won the field,
Not to persist, is half to yield :
And how can we our prize maintain,
Unless we do augment our gain ?
Ods nigs, see how the raskals sneak.
Silence, quoth *Foyr*, that I may speak :
You see them there ; I'll lay my life,
Ere it be night I'll end the strife
My self : however, follow me ;
Keep close, and you'll the better see :
Although the Sun is scorching hot,
And I both Powder want and Shot,

I will so cool the rebels courage,
You shall have room enough to forrage:
They boast they'll rob us of our lives,
Plunder our wealth, enjoy our wifes;
Now may they come, if they think good:
I feel a fire within my bloud,
Which must be quencht. The Gyants now
Rally afresh in Battel-row.
Encelades appear'd i'th' front:
Quoth angry Mars, Now sic upon't,
Delays are dangerous; I'll go,
And fight, before they rally so.

Great Mars he had no sooner done,
But spy'd Encelades to run,

As

As if he did intend to say,
I am in haste to win the day.

Mars does prepare to entertain
This Gyant and his Bumkin-train :

They meet ; but that is not so strange,
As were the blows that they exchange :
They hack and hew behinde, before,
Till both were little else but gore.

Encelades the Monster bold

Was almost spent, when *Mars* cry'd, Hold:
So both contended for the field,
And either willing was to yield :
At last quoth *Mars*, If you or I
Should now in this encounter die,

Twere

'Twere ill : whose valour does persever,
Deservedly should live for ever.
With that, both being weary grown,
They stop, and cast their weapons down ;
Salute each other, and retire,
Not to engage, but to admire :
For there were others that could fight,
Gods and Gyants too of might ;
Blows freely fell on either side ;
Herc lay a broken scull, a hide
Lies there, in third place leg or arm :
Deities were no more a Charm
'Gainst Gyants, then the others oddes
In stature was against the Gods.

G

But

But Oh the dreadful noise was made
With Thunder, Powder, Flask and Blade!
Pan from the Sea had borrow'd shell,
Whose sound was loud as that of bell
When struck upon. Nor was *Jove* heard
To thunder when he syng'd the beard
Of Gyant *Mimas*, who was struck
Not long before, and cursing luck,
As he upon the ground did lie,
It fortun'd that he cast his eye
(As it took liberty to wander)
On *Pallas*, son to great *Evander*.
This *Pallas* did so far engage
Among the Gods, that they in rage

Surrounded him ; but *Mimas* rose,
And with such courage dealt his blows,
That he at once brought *Pallas* off,
And on the Gods revenged scoff
Which *Jove* did to him, when by thunder
He parted chin and chaps asunder :
At which disaster, boyling hot
His bloud was waxt, and he had got
In's hand an implement of War,
By some ycleped Iron Bar ;
With this, God *Mercury* he strook,
That down he fell ; and then he took
The rising blow with such a force,
Grim death it self was little worse.

Just now the Goddes *Pallas* came ;
(For there were two that bore the name)
She with the weapon that is common
With Goddes as it is with Woman,
Exclaim'd on Gyant : he to reach
The full proportion of her breech,
Erected lofty foot so high,
That down he fell : there let him lie.

For *Bacchus* some had called bastard,
Enflam'd beyond the rage of dastard,
In did he rush, and made such poher,
That Gyants fell on one another.
Some that were present did divine
His valour did proceed from Wine

Howe'er it was, he did excel

All but those few that did as well.

Silenus drunk as *David's* Sow,
Spurring his ass on, cry'd, Now, now ;
Ride over *Mimas* there in blood :
But that did him more harm then good ;
For *Mimas* who was laid to rest,
Rose up, and seiz'd upon the beast :
Then to *Silenus* said, I gather
You should be that same *Bacchus*'s father :
With that, he smote him on the head,
That down he fell ('twas thought) for dead.

But wonders now I mean to tell ;
For thus to Gyants it befel :

Whilst all the Warriors were in fight,
Each studious to declare his might,
The silly Ass began to bray,
And Gyants fairly ran away :
For they not us'd unto the sound,
First swore, then swiftly quit the ground :
The Gods pursue with might and main,
But all their haste and speed was vain ;
For what with fighting, and the toyl
Of thus pursuing after spoil,
Weary'd, they do conclude it fit
On grass or somwhat else to sit.
No sooner were they seated than
A Foot-man came, and thus began :

silently

By'r

By'r leave ; I from old *Saturn* come,
To tell you he has learn'd in *Rome*
Some while since of a *Cunning man*
Gyants shall still survive ; nor can
The Gods prevent it, (this you'll finde,
Or else say he's a *Prophet blinde*)
Until by search somewhere on earth,
You finde a *Knight* of humane birth,
Got on a mortal, by the seed
Of one that's of immortal breed.
Besides, he bade me tell you more,
One *Proteus* said as much before ;
And this same fellow knew his art
So well, he'd instantly impart

A secret, whether wise or silly,
Soon, or as learnedly as *Lilly*.

As for Example, thus it was ;
Base thief one morning stole from Lass
A Bodkin and a Silver Spoon :
The man was took, and hang'd by noon ;
But all was by his art : for he
Discover'd where the thief could be.
Dixi, quoth Footman : Jove with that
Commanded he should don his hat,
And rest himself, whilst he doth muse,
Reflexions making on the news :
They *Bacchus* and *Minerva* call,
Old *Neptune*, *Mercury*, and all

A

The

The Gods that then were nigh at hand :
Quoth *Jove*, You are to understand---
Then he began the tale again ;
And leaning o'er the Asses Main,
Quoth he, Let's think what must be done.
Pallas reply'd, You have a son
Nam'd *Hercules* ; 'tis fit you dub
Him Knight of the Majestick Club ;
And in requital, he alone
Will slay the Rascals. Ev'ry one,
By voice, or holding up of paws,
Gave *Pallas* her deserv'd applause :
Some cry, Defer no longer, send ;
Others, Our time too fast does spend ;
And

And we may finde, perhaps too late,
The danger to procrastinate :
Send *Mercury*. But *Jove* forbad ;
He'd rather send the Irish Lad (that
That brought the news but now. With
The nimble *Tory* dofft his hat,
Which shew'd his readines, to *Jove*,
Who promis'd to requite his love.
The Lad rejoicing be was sent,
Drank onely *Usquebah*, and went.

No sooner was the Footman gone,
(The Gods carousing) but anon
In haste returns a careful Spie,
Cries, Arms, the Gyants drawing nigh :

The routed ones that ran so fast
Before, met *Typhon* : he at last
Perswaded them to face about,
With promise of a total rout
To all your Godships. Then quoth *Jove*,
You talk of routing, pray for Love-
Sake, tell me what 'twas made them run.
Silenus's ass (Sir) sure as Gun,
(Quoth *Bacchus*) with his noise did fright
Philistins fierce from heat of fight.
Jove then reply'd, He merits much ;
Would we had many asses such :
I'd give a pound for mine own part.
If all of you did know the art ;

Or

Or if but one that might excel,
Could play the Ass but half so well.

Jove call'd *Silenus* then, cry'd, **Hark,**
Came he from *Smithfield*, or *Hyde-park*?

Silenus answer did extend,

'Twas sent as Token from a friend :

But if (great *Jove*) it be your will,

My Ass shall be your servant still.

Jove forc'd a smile at that : for yet

When laughing, he could not forget

Dangers that were so neer him ; though

He thus discours'd, he thought of foe.

Then mad that's Gun did not suffice

The Gyants pride to civilize,

In dumps he sate, as if he'd got
A smack too much of Cup or Pot.
O' th' sudden now a fearful noise
Approacht : 'twas *Typhon* and his boys :
Which when the Gods perceive, they call,
Heavens have mercy on us all :
And well they might ; for had you seen
The rabble with their swords so keen ;
Big Gyant with his hundred heads,
And those how monstrously he spreads ;
You surely would with me conclude,
Such foes were dreadful, fierce and rude.

By this time both the Armies meet,
And *Typhon* thus began to greet

The

The Gods: Where's he that does command
This Host ? we'd have him understand,
We hold our selves agriev'd, and now
Bound to our selves by solemn Vow,
Resolve, before we part, to have
Or satisfacion, or a grave.
In's hand he held a stately Oak.
Jove, that he might prevent a stroak,
Well thinking 'twas no time to think,
Fills his great Thunder to the brink,
Then throws it at the Gyants head ;
However, *Typhon* is not dead,
But eying *Jove* with scorn and smile,
Coughing and sneezing for a while,

(Be-

(Because some Powder, I suppose,
Had flown upon his face and nose.)

Thunder when from an angry cloud
In its extreams, was not so loud

As Gyants Oaths : he stamp't and swore,
As if the Gods were to be tore

With words : then lifting mighty tree,
'Tis thus, base *Jove*, I'll answer thee,
Quoth *Typhon* ; and with that he flew
As Furies may be thought to do.

God *Mars*, who boldly rush't on foes,
Receiv'd a fillip on the nose ;
'Twas given by an angry Gyant,
(For why should I tell you a ly on't?)

And

And tumbled backwards on the ground
The God of Hectors in a swound.
This daunted all the other Gods :
The Victors do pursue their oddes.
Mars does revive and run : great *Jove*
On Eagles back began to move :
Minerwa from the skirmish steals,
So light was she about the heels.
In one word, all the Gods did run,
As if the Devil upon Dun
Was at their posterns. But O curse,
Then evil luck what can be worse ?
Whilst *Jove* with expedition flies,
The Bird slips from between his thighs :

Down

Down drops great *Jove* upon the ground;
But as it hapt, scap't hurt or wound.

Typhon, whose sole delight was plunder,
(Commanding Gyants to a wonder)
Fell on the Booty and the Wine :
These Prizes now (quoth he) are mine.
Then resting after Chase and Slaughter,
Drank Wine in full bowls *fine* water :
Then with a stately step and stride,
Continues quest of *Jove* and Bride,
With all the rest o' th' wandering Gods,
Frighted as children are at rods ;
They shelter seek in pathless Wood :
(That shift at need was hugely good)

For being there in place obscure,
A Metamorphosis in ure
They put ; and (if it be no flam)
Jove chang'd himself into a Ram ;
Dame Juno lookt like any Cow,
And deigned to the grasd to bow ;
Neptune assum'd the shape of Hound ;
Morus a Jack-a-napes was found ;
Apollo wisely acts the Rook ;
Bacchus a he-Goat ; Vulcan crook-
Ed back and hips, a silly Calf ;
Pan was a Rat more big by half
Then little Dog ; and Venus Dame,
A lovely milk-white Goat became :

The warlike *Mars* chose for his share,
To be transform'd into a Hare :
His Valour sped so ill, 'twas meet
To learn the swiftness of the Feet :
Luna would not the Cat disdain,
Nor *Mercury* the form of Crane.
Thus Nature, that the Gods might scape,
Contented was to play the Ape.

Meanwhile the Gyants chase and scout,
As Victors do when after Rout
They seek for prey : but Gyants finde,
Their sorrow is not far behinde ;
For meeting with the Gods, they prove,
No foe more dreadful is then *Jove*.

So true is that which Stories tell ;
Those that live ill, shall not die well.



C A N -



CANTO IV.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Gods bethink it base to range
 In Woods, and now resolve to change
 Their borrow'd shapes : at Nylus-banks
 God Mercury performs his pranks :
 They cloath themselves, to Memphis go ;
 The Priests and People kindness shew :
 Great Hercules they send for, who
 Attends them with no more ado.*

*IT was just now 'tween Dog and Bitch,
 Or Hawk & Buzzard, (chuse you which)
 The Gods adventur'd out of Wood :
 For they behav' es had understood*

Of Gyants course ; and each had thought
There was no danger to be caught :
For from the biggest to the least,
Each God was turn'd into a beast
Or bird ; their hazard nothing so,
That they should stand in fear of foe.
Gyants, although they oft pass by,
Yet when a Ram or Goat they spie ;
In this same place an Hound, an Ape,
A Cow, or beast of different shape ;
In other place a Rat, of nature
(No matter which) for land or water ;
They little dream'd that there should lie
In any beast a Deity.

For who is he, that as he pass,
Would once imagine Cow at graſs
Should be a God ? The Gyants run
With eagerness as they begun ;
Beset and ſearch the wood, then finde
There's nothing like a God ; ſo blinde
Was Gyants apprehenſion. Then
The Gods that were ſecure from men
Or Gyants, do conſult a while
In Council by the river Nyle ;
When in concluſion they agree
To be as Gods were wont to be,
Each to ſhake off his preſent ſhape,
For ſince they clearly made eſcape,

Why should great *Jove* in danger go
Of injuring his feet or toe ?
For what with gravel, slime, and mud,
(Which border'd on the neighbourfloud)
Like sheep they forced are to slide,
Or else with bare-foot to abide
On stones : for Rams do never use
To clad their feet with Boots or Shooes ;
Besides, so thick was *Jove* of Wooll,
He fum'd and sweat like any Bull
Whom angry dogs do put in fear.
And Madam *Juno*, as I hear,
A thorn had got within her toe,
That did produce her mickle wo :

But

But 'twas not *Jove's* nor *Juno's* grief
Alone ; but being they were chief
O'th' company, I need not strain
To shew how all the Gods complain.

Jove thinking now 'twas time to speak,
Made an Oration in the Greek
To th' other Gods ; and I thought good
(Because it should be understood)
To English it ; and thus it follows :
My friends, we've now escap'd the gallows
(Thank Heaven for't) but what will say
Succeeding ages, that we stray
In these uncomely shapes ? By this,
The Gods will all become a hiss

Or

Or by-word: Gyants, if they know
My *Juno* takes the form of Cow,
They'll make her subject of their laughter
To ages that shall be hereafter :
Or when a God is seen, they'll say,
Beware of horns, or Mutton, Ba.
'Tis better never to be born,
Then so to live the mock and scorn
Of ev'ry mortal. *Jove* (whose eyes
Were wet before) now plainly cries ;
And I my self could almost borrow
From other subjects of my sorrow
A tear or two. But Natures course
By this time spent, *Jove* did with force

Proceed ; and what he said were words
To this effect : Though sticks and swords
Are wanting, yet it would be worse,
Should we be subje&t to the force
Of Gyants : heaven thus contrives,
They sha'n't be masters of our lives :
We are not far from *Memphis*-town,
Let's enter ere the Sun goes down ;
But first let *Mercury* make haste
To change his shape, now danger's past :
'Twere well if he a Cloak could steal,
(For being bare from head to heel)
'Twill be uncomely if he go
Stark naked from the top to toe.

When

When *Mercury* is clothed thus,
I'd have him get some cloathes for us.
The God most forward to reveal
The stock he had of love and zeal
For *Jove*, said nothing but *Amen* ;
Great *Jove*, it shall be done. And then
No sooner said, but straight he flies
In shape of *Crane*, till he espies
Some *Youngsters* washing in a pool :
The *Crane* (so like a harmless fool)
Lights neer the cloathes, as almost tyr'd :
The youths beheld, and all admir'd :
A *Crane* ! says one ; let's make a match
Immediately the *Crane* to catch : *done*

Done,

Done, says another. Thus they talk :
The Crane mean time does bend his walk
To th' cloathes, and by and by a main
Cast off his borrow'd shape of Crane.
So having done, he puts on dress.
All were amazed, you may guess,
Who saw this sudden transformation,
More strange then ever was in nation.
Mercury like a pretty lad,
With all their cloathes begins to gad.
The youths belike had learnt some Oaths;
So swore the devil had their cloathes :
But they all naked, knew not how
To follow him ; nor did they know

What

What to imagine : but the God
Made so much haste, that straight he trod
To Usurer, and pawn'd a Pearl
Of *Juno*'s, or some other girl :
The owner of it was some Lass ;
However, we may let that pass :
The Pearl it was of value such,
That he of Coyn procur'd as much
As bought up habits of the best,
For *Jove*, for *Juno*, and the rest ;
Then bought a lusty Mule to bear
Unto the Gods his purchas'd ware :
It was not long until he came,
Redeeming all the Gods from shame,

Each

Each of them with an earnest motion,
Measures habit with proportion.

Mercury thus performing part ;
When done, quoth he, I know a tart-
Wench lives hard by at signe of trumpet,
Perhaps you'll take her for a strumpet ;
But be she what she will, 'tis meet
We visit her to drink and eat.
This course they all applaud as best ;
And *Mercury*, that was her guest
Before, was order'd to repair
Unto her, to bespeak the fare.
Mercury flew, until he lit
Just at the door, and then 'twas fit

He

He close his wings, and walk : beside,
He walkt not half a dozen stride
Until he enters. Welcome, Sir,
The Tapster cries. Then answers Mer-
Cury, I would converse with Dame.
Quoth fellow, May I crave your name ?
Then straight the Goodwife does appear:
Quoth she, I pray, good Sir, draw neer ;
You're welcome. She was frying Tripe.
The God then call'd for Pot and Pipe :
Down do they sit : but Oh the bliss
Was then in ev'ry glance and kiss,
Whenas they talkt ! for you may think,
Their hearts were filled to the brink.
With

With joy : for *Mercury* was mannish ;
Soon he dispatcht his Pipe of Spanish ;
Then having in a Note set down
What diet could be had in Town,
The Maid was call'd, and Hostess sent her
To buy o' th' best : and now does enter
The rest o' th' Gods, a worthy troop ;
By turns, they ev'ry one do stoop
To kiss the Hostess : *Jove* began ;
Then *Neptune*, *Bacchus*, *Mars* and *Pan*,
And so the rest. When *Juno* saw her,
In haste and anger calls the Drawer
To bring some Wine : for she did grutch
The goodwife should be buss'd so much,

And she her self had none. Quoth *Pan*,
Just now I to the Garden ran,
Where there are most delightful bow'rs,
And like for all the world to ours.
Oh me ! quoth *Juno*, let's go there ;
I love to have the smell of air.
No sooner were they out, but all
The town came flocking, great and small,
To see the Troop : for they had heard
An Army came, and were afear'd.
One cries, Alas, we shall be undon :
Another says, They're blades of *London* ;
For that's a wilderness, we know,
Where many such tall Cedars grow.

Thus

Thus while they chat, a world appear:
In time, the Cat does lick her ear.
One bauls, What Gallants trow are these!
Another answers, Hold your peace;
They're Kings that usually are wont
In numbers brave (as these) to hunt.
Another whispers, How the Lane
Smells sweet as 'twere of Benjamin!
The next more wisely gives a guess,
They're Players. All of them express
Their thoughts: but some were apt to think
Players were not so full of Chink!
But others thwart them, saying then,
They're now the chiefest Gentlemen;

Are they not clad in Plush and Sattin ?
 And don't they sometimes visit Mattin ?
 Do they not strut with Muff and Sword ;
 Keep company with Knight and Lord ?
 Let me not now forget to tell
 How Jove had sent where once did dwell
 The great *Alcides* : he that went,
 Was absent till eight days were spent.
 About that time, Jove casting eye
 From window, 'twas his chance to spie
Alcides : straight down stayrs he runs,
 And clapping fist into his son's,
 How doft, quoth he, my bonny Lad ?
 What, haft thou quite forgot thy Dad ?

'Tis

'Tis true, as ancient story goes,
That childe is wisc, nown father knows.
Quoth Hercules, Oh, now I see
You are the same ; I, you are he.
With that, the complements renew,
And each does render devil due.
Whilst they embrace, the other Gods
Were almost 'mongst themselves at oddes
Who first salutes *Alcmena's son*.
By this, *Jove's complements were done* ;
With that, the Gods came all a-row
To honour great *Amphytrio* ;
With tears in eyes they wept for joy,
Meerly for sight of *Jove's great boy*.

The strangers though the most were mutes
When they observed these salutes,
Flockt shrewdly: but when Jove they spi'd,
(Who now had re-assum'd his pride)
They great observance shew'd ; for he
(All saw) was chiefest in degree.
But one amongst the rest, more bold
Then his companions, cry'd out, Hold ;
Observe'd you him did just now nod ?
(The devil take me) he's a God :
I know it by his garb and state,
By his deportment, and his gate ;
His looks declare it : nay, (what's more)
I have been told as much before.

This

This News, as well as other things
As strange, immediately took wings ;
So that in little space it came
To their High-priest, a man of fame ;
Who hearing this, the truth to know,
Resolves with company to go
In person ; and when there, to do
His duty, if report held true
That they were Gods : with him he brings
For presents, fine Cornelian Rings
Some thirty thousands ; nineteen score
Of Crocodiles new come to shore :
Ichneumones, what beast is that ?
Some do suppose it *Pharaoh's Rat* ;

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Some thirty thousands ; nineteen score
Of Crocodiles new come to shore :
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Some do suppose it Pharaoh's Rat ;

Of them threescore : *Hippopotames*,
Or a Sea-horse, the more known name is,
As tame as Pigeons ; these a score :
Of Eel-skin-gloves some ten times more.
The high-priest come, the presents given,
The crowd o' th' people further driven,
Complements past on either part ;
Jove seem'd content, and glad at heart :
The Priest makes offer of protection
Within his Land, with great affection :
Jove likewise does return him thanks,
With promise to prote& his banks
From what doth usually harm ;
He'd give them a preventing Charm

Against

Against the strength of Creatures stature,
Or venom of depraved nature :
All this on free-cost. *Mercury*,
That present was, could even cry,
That *Jove* should not consider how
Through earth and air he us'd to plow
To serve the Gods both to and fro :
Yet *Jove* as much and more did know ;
And for requital, bids him dance
Afresh perhaps as far as *France*.

Now *Jove* and Priest by this time sat
On breech, their stories to relate :
For being in an unknown clime,
Not knowing how to spend their time,
They

They will that each a passage tell
 Of what had formerly befel.

When now it came to jocund Priest,
 (Most ready to oblige the rest ;
 For he of all was much the lesser)
 He story told of predecessor :
 Silence he crav'd, and did prevail :
 Then thus began

THE PARSONS TALE.

A crafty man in Country-town,
 Had wife was of a comely brown,
 And lov'd by neighbour-Parson, who
 At vacant hours came there to woo.

1671
The

The husband knowing Parson *Fulpit*
(Ycleped so) in fleshly Pulpit
Was wont to preach, casts how to catch
Them both ; and thus contrives his watch
Sweetheart, quoth he, my busines says
I must go travel seven days.
Nay, quoth the wife, if so you do,
Why may not I go travel too ?
Then, as was wont, came in the Parson ;
Spies Chair and Cushion, sets his arse-on.
Quoth wife to Priest, My husband, Sir,
Is taking journey. I infer,
Then cry'd the Parson, he hath cause.
The husband after making pause,
(Which

(Which shew'd he was in minde perplext,
 That Priest should chuse his wife for text)
 He doth befit himself with speed ;
 Gives kiss to wife, and mounts his steed.

The Parson then, and wife, by joyn't
 Consent, begin to handle point ;
 Thought of a Chamber, went into't,
 As best befitting close dispute :
 What were the arguments befel,
 I make no doubt but you can tell.
 But one thing should not be forgotten,
 The Parsons principles were rotten ;
 A Sceptick, or as *Martial* saith,
 A wanderer with waving faith ;

Fickle,

Fickle, when he swore he loved
Beyond or *Aretine* or *Ovid*.
But th' honest man, whose mind did burn,
As he intended, made return ;
Sees wife and Parson both withdrawn ;
Peeps, and spies Priest in sleeves of Lawn,
As he suppos'd, but 'twas his Shirt ;
Nor had he Girdle to begirt :
But as in Country-town no watch
Is us'd, so door had onely latch,
Which having lifted up, he enters,
And first upon his wife adventers :
So having chid, and scorn'd, & mockt her,
Leaves her, and thus accosteth Doctor

Come

Come now, Sir Leacher, you that stand
With Shirt on back, and Cloaths in hand,
Deliver habit, or at once
This Penknife sharp shall off with stones.
The Parson, who was sore affright,
As doubting whether man or spright,
Admir'd to see the husband come,
Who just before was gone from home.
But whether 'twas through fear or cold,
It matters not, his hands unfold,
And down apparel falls. The man
That stood with knife in hand, began
To lay them by : which having done,
Cries, Parson, sure as mothers son,

Thus

Thus naked without Cloathes or Crutch,
 You shall immediately to Church,
 And there do Penance thus in white.

Quoth Parson (vowing, By this light)
 I'd rather die : good neighbour chuse
 Some other Penance ; I'll refuse
 Nothing that you'll impose, provided
 You will not see your friend derided.
 On that the husband makes behest
 To wife, to reach him key of Chest :
 With it doth straightway Chest unlock,
 And makes the Parson put in Cock ;
 And having us'd an art to fasten
 Priest Cock-sure, he away doth hafsen

To

To Penknife which he hard by laid,
That made the Parson sore afraid :
He puts the knife in Parsons hand,
And caus'd his wife by his command
To fire the Chest : for you must know,
On purpose it was fill'd with tow.
The Chest on fire, both man and wife
Leave Parson there with Cock and Knife ;
Run out of doors, and make a noise
By crying Fire. That dreadful voice
Rais'd all the Parish, and as Torch,
Might guide them unto what did scorch
The Parson : in they ran, but cry'd,
Neighbours beware, we shall be fry'd ;

Or

Or else if fire make house to fall,
'Twill surely be the death of all.

The Parson, who had heard them coming,
'Twixt shame & synging left his humming;
Takes knife, and with a valiant slash
Brings body off, but leaves poor Swash
Amidst the angry flames to fry :
Judge, did not Swash a Martyr die ?
He hanged was, and quarter'd too ;
And he was burnt : but I should do
Much wrong to Parson and to Cocks,
Should I maintain a Paradox.

Just now a messenger brings word,
Typhon did mean with fire and sword,

With clubs, with staves, & other weapon,
Visit the Gods, and warfare keep-on ;
Sends thus to *Jove*, In spight of's nose,
In heav'n he'd suddenly repose :
To that same end, it was his will,
Mountain should bear the weight of hill,
Great *Oss* on *Pelion* should stand,
That heaven might be toucht with hand.
These News it seems were very true ;
For *Typhon* and his Gyant-crew
Had ransackt wood throughout and round
(But th'devil a God was to be found)
And were come back to mighty hill,
To Crane it up (by strength and skill)

On

On th'other ; and about threescore
Of hills, but less then those before,
Were got already on a heap.

Then *Jove*, who fetcht a sigh most deep,
Reply'd, We then will take our lot,
But beat the Iron while it's hot :
Though they are Gyants great and tall,
Their clambring may produce a fall ;
And the event may make it plain,
They're hastie onely to be slain :
My son, we'll stop their course before
Upon those hills they set up more :
For if we all (ere they furnisē)
Fall on, we cannot miss the Prize.

Hercules fingers itch to be
In action. Th' other Gods, who see
His courage, 'gin to banish fear ;
Take heart a-grace, and prick up ear.
Quoth Hercules, My Club's a tongue,
That can both speak, and right a wrong :
Moreover, quoth the lofty Yonker,
I scorn to go to fight, but conquer.

Then up they get on legs again,
Boldly to follow their Chieftain,
Who leads them on through thick & thin
Sometimes up almost to the chin.
I will not be so tedious as
To give relation how it was

With

With all the Gods, or any one ;
Or whether they had horse, or none,
Or rode on Elephants or Camels ;
Whether they crost brooks, ponds or cha-
nels : We will suppose them now to be
Arriv'd beneath a spreading tree,
Resting themselves for half an hour,
Not far from Gyant *Typhon's* Tow'r :
That time expir'd, *Jove* rouzes up,
Calls for some Wine, and drinks a Cup ;
Chuses a lustie Bolt of Thunder
(Did you but see it, you would wonder)
Out of a Cart-load they had brought
From *Memphis*, Bolts but newly wrought

By *Vulcan*'s own hand, therefore good.
Hercules, who by 's Daddy stood,
Takes up his weapon, and by night
They march, till they approached right
Against the place where *Typhon* lay
Asleep. Without the least delay,
Jupiter primes his Bolt so great ;
From him the standers by retreat
For fear of harm, and *Jove* himself
Was wary to avoid that shelf
By which so many had been split :
For (in his anger) he had wit.
No God, though young, or old in years,
Should Thunder flie about his ears,

But

But would be scar'd ; and days of yore,
Such thunder never saw before.

Sometimes *Jove* holds it on the right ;

Then suddenly, as full of fright,

He changes it unto the left :

Then spying that the ground was cleft

On which he stood, he fastens it

Within the same : all being fit,

He puts his Match upon a Spire,

His arm stretcht out, presenting fire ;

Looks t'other way, & cries, Does 't touch ?

Then puffs and sweats, his fears were such.

But *Hercules*, who stood at distance

With Club and Sword in hand, assistance

Gives to his Daddy, in these words :

Let's leave these guns, & use our swords.

Go to, you fool, quoth *Jove*, and tell
Me, when I am aside, or well.

With that, he stretches out once more

His arm and Lintstock as before :

How am I now, quoth *Jove*? Too low,

Quoth *Hercules*; too high : so, so.

Pish, quoth the touchhole; bounce, the gun:

On th' earth both father and the son

Lie sprawling : *Jove* holds up his head

At last : How dost, my boy? art dead?

Quoth he; may we rise safely yet?

Amphytrio answers, I have fit

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Of

Of Shivering on me, as an Ague. (you.
Then fight, quoth Jove, & 'twill not plague

The noise soon reached Typhon's lugs,
Who lay on bed with thousand Rugs,
All large, and warm as so much Buff,
Yet all was scarce (or but) enough ;
So big was he : from bed he starts ;
Ods bobs, quoth he, who is't that farts
So loud, and thus disturbs my rest ?
I'll pull his heart from out his brest,
Whoe'er it be. Then quoth his brothers,
'Twas none of us, Sir, but some others :
It sounded like the Thunder-crack
Of Jove ; he may be at our back.

Keep

Keep a strict guard to night, quoth *Typhon*,
And when 'tis day, d' on each his knife-on;
Be sure you want nor swords nor trees,
When once you 'gin to kill the fleas :
Right early in the morn we'll rise,
To execute our enterprise :
We searcht (but all in vain) on ground,
No God nor Goddess could be found :
From heaven now they issue out,
Onely that we may rise and rout :
The glory of their mightyfeat,
Is to come on, and to retreat :
Encelades shall scale their fort,
Whilst others of you finde them sport

With

With Oaks, and quarters great of Rocks;
Be sure you follow close your knocks.

Some slept till morn, as void of fear ;
Others carouse in wine and cheer,
Drink healths unto the Gods confusion,
None apprehending their delusion.

Mean while, the Gods do understand
Exactly, how from Gyants hand
Their distance stood, expecting hour
When to engage. *Mars* makes a sowre
Face, and is mad to fight the foe ;
So is the great *Amphytrio*.
Great *Jove* at this doth fret and fume,
When *Mars* so boldly durst presume :

Then

Then calling *Hercules* from chatter,
With him he does debate the matter ;
Concludes they should a Council call :
And *Jove* thereunto summons all.



C A N-



CANTO V.

The ARGUMENT.

Jove and his son Alcides go
 By joyn't consent in quest of foe.
 Gyants scale heaven to a wonder ;
 From thence are headlong thrown by thun-
 A fight determines, where's the odds (der.
 On Gyants side, or on the Gods.
 Gyants are slain, and Typhon flies :
 Great Jove pursues, and Typhon dies.

Now come I to rehearse (in stile
 As blithe as is within a mile
 Of Oak) the fierce and fearful blows
 Which past between the Gods and foes.

Jove

Jove led the Gods, as 'twas his manner ;
The Gyants under *Typhon's* Banner
Engage : and now was Gyants war
Worse then the Counter-scuffle far.

When now *Encelades* design'd
Heav'n should be scal'd, 'twas in the mind
Of *Jove*, and *Hercules* disguis'd,
(Who by the Gods were so advis'd)
That onely they should lurk and spie
How Gyants Camp and they do lie :
Or having left their strong Ale tapping,
They thought perhaps to catch them nap-
But Oh the fire and noise so great! (ping.
Which when the Gods see, they retreat,

With

With this resolve, the following day
To fall upon them *sans* delay.

By this time, day began to peep,
And Madam *Moon* was gone to sleep,
When *Jove* and great *Amphytrio*
Saw Gyants marching to and fro,
Scaling the skies without a Ladder,
It made great *Jove* be much the gladder :
For seeing Gyants so mistake,
His Thunderbolt he 'gins to make
Ready ; and setting fire unto 't,
Plows hills and mountains up by root ;
Down do they tumble flat as Pancakes ;
To clear his face, he *Juno*'s Fan-takes,

To

To brush the dust : he brought it out
On purpose : divers of the rout
Within the rubbish found their doom.
By this time, other Gods make room,
As from their lurking holes they run ;
Then shout as if they'd ne'r have done.
Sometimes they hollow, then they bawl,
A *Jove*, a *Jove* ; the Gyants fall.
Those that the dust did spare to smother,
Would give one eye to save the other.

Did you ne'er see on Lord Mayors day
The Green-men, how they clear the way
With firy Clubs ; or in a Ring,
At Cudgel-sport, or Wrastelling,

A sturdy Butcher, Stick in hand,
On back Red Wastcoat, ne'er a Band,
Hat before eyes, and Bandyng Shins,
Smiting by th' way Spectators Chins,
Till he has made a Circle, great
Enough for Blades to do thefeat :
Or at Bear-garden, how *Black Will*
(The Bull, I mean) doth shew his skill
In tossing Butchers, when got loose,
With as much ease as Fox doth *Goose* ?
Just so doth Thunder-thumping *Jove*
Sometimes beneath, sometimes above,
On right, on left, behinde, before,
Till compassed by Wounds and Gore,

And at his feet lay Gyants dead
Some score or two, which he had sped.
Alcides then with Club or Bill
Does follow him to slay and kill :
Alcyoneus by his arms
Soon was dispatched out of harms
Way, by a great blow with his Club :
So fell that great and mighty Lub-
Ber ; he the first *Alcides* slew
In this hot Combat. Now with Yew
And Ivie crown'd, comes *Bacchus* on,
Pretty well fluster'd, half way gon ;
Who gain'd great honour in the fray,
O'er-running all that stood in way

As torrents do ; his train as free-
Ly drunk, or somewhat more then he.

One of them runs a Gyant through,
Another beats one black and blue.

Apollo then does shoot so right
With shaft that's sharp as well as bright,
Hits *Ephialtes* in the eye ;
And *Hercules* that then stood by,
Pokes out his other : farewell he.

Mercury does no sooner see
But kills : *Porphyriion* made it good,
Surrendring up his life and blood.

Mimas gives *Mars* a maul o'th' pate ;
But *Mars*, as with a mortal hate,

As

L

Run^s

Runs to him, grasps him ; so they tug :
But *Mars*, who knew the Cornish Hug
Full well, threw Gyant on his back,
So that his bones did seem to crack.

Dame Atropos in rage pursues
Pallenus, who in vain did use
Skill to avoid her ; for in sum,
She follow'd till she wounded bum.

Encelades now turning Chance,
Tipes to the Gods another Dance :
Quoth he, When Honour is in doubt,
Bravely to fight, is to get out.
This Devil, mad that he had mist
His enterprise, gave with his fist

A blow upon *Silenus's Hide*,
That broke the thing hung by his side ;
It was a fair and ample Flask
(Which held as much as does a Cask)
Fill'd with the best Canary-wine
Extracted ever was from Vine :
At which he more amazed stood,
Then if it had been so much blood ;
The which had given Gyant time
To have dispatcht him ; but sublime
Alcides to his rescue came.
The Gyant, when he saw the same,
Was mad : for blows went up and down,
From side to feet, from thence to crown.

The Goddesses stand by and curse,
To see how things went worse and worse:
For bloody *Typhon* hews and hacks
O'er legs and shoulders, arms and backs,
Among the Gods : he held in hand
A tall Pine, which he did command
With ease : it was the same with which
He formerly the Gods did switch.
But *Æsculapius* steps in,
And claps a Salve upon the shin
O'th' wounded Gods, that they were sound
As soon as *Typhon* gave the wound :
And none was able to reveal
Their swiftness or to hurt or heal.

Jupi-

Jupiter mad to be withstood
By Gyant, in his heat of blood
Sets a great Thunderbolt on fire,
And throws the same in wrath and ire
At Gyants head, who with a flap
From tree in hand did make it snap
Like glass in shivers. *Jove* at that
Stept back to gather up his hat ;
Which gave the Gyant time to seise
Him by the collar : then with ease
He 'gan to cuff him at his will ;
I think h'had given him his fill,
Had not God *Mercury* ran by
I'th' shape of *Hebe*. *Typhon*'s eye

No sooner saw the Girl, but she
Was heard to laugh aloud, Tee-hee.
At length, when *Typhon* spi'd the Cheat,
He throws great *Jove* beneath his feet ;
But he himself had not the strength
To stand when *Jove* was laid at length.
Jupiter first got up again :
With Thunder, and with might and main,
He makes attempt at Gyants head,
And therein fortunately sped ;
For ere the Gyant was aware,
He found he had a soft place there.
I' th' nick of this came great *Alcides*,
With the brave Club he bears on highdays,

And

And lays upon the Gyants head :
(The blow had surely struck me dead);
The Gyant backward reels, and falls ;
No Lion could out-roar his bawls :
The three Gods fall upon his bones ;
Cries *Mercury*, Cut off his stones.
But Madam *Iris* came to tell
Great *Jove* what newly had befel
His party ; that they were almost
Just ready to abandon Post.
With that, the three Gods leave their foe,
But bruis'd and maim'd from head to toe :
Fast did they run as legs could carry ;
For then it was no time to tarry.

But coming to the Gods recruit,
The Gyants do forsake pursuit :
The Gods their courage re-assume :
Jupiter swore he like a Broom
Would sweep the Rogues to ashes : *Mars*
Held one whilst *Venus* prickt his a-----
With Silver Bodkin : you must know,
Mars took a pride in doing so :
And something too must be obscene,
Or this had no mock-Poem been.
At last, with pat upon the crown,
He fairly fillipt Gyant down.
Hercules killeth *Euritus* ;
Pan, *Athos* ; and *Hypolitus*

With the Gyants War.
and the Gods.

By

By *Mercury* on earth did lie :
It griev'd him dev'lishly to die,
Not being us'd to't heretofore :
Quoth he, I now shall say no more
But this, 'Tis sorrow makes men wise ;
The Sun must set as well as rise.

Then *Mimas* kill'd *Silenus*'s *Afs*,
For which *Mars* made him such a *pass*,
That you might see his body through ;
Mars crying, Friend, now there's for you.
Then *Cupid* with his little sword
Slew *Cynus* next ; and on my word,
Diana smote poor *Thoon*, that
She laid him on his back so flat,

As she suppos'd he had been dead ;

But some report he rose and fled.

The Goddess *Pallas* then fell on,

And she *Pallensus* flew anon.

Enceladus was slain the next ;

(For so we finde it in the text)

And *Neptune* with his Trident fierce

The stout *Pollibotes* did pierce.

At last the Gods to *Typhon* come,

And he they found was biting thumb :

When he beheld the Gods, with rage

In combat fresh he doth engage ;

With legs he spurns against the Gods,

Kicks on the Belly and the Cods,

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On

On Shins, and sometimes on their Bum
He beats as fast as Stick on Drum.
Briareus with his hundred hands,
In each of them a Rock commands :
These Rocks at *Jove* he casts at once,
With hope thereby to crush his bones.
But soon this fear was at an end ;
Nor he nor *Typhon* could defend
Themselves a minute longer. *Jove*
And *Hercules* with fury move :
Jove seizeth *Typhon* in his arms,
(For now his valour lost its Charms)
And having drawn a Pocket-gun
With Powder charg'd, he asked son

If

If he should shoot. The son reply'd,
They'd bury him before he dy'd :
But whether they did so or no,
It matters not, nor do I know.

But *Typhon* answer'd, Death or Fate
Can't strike too soon, or force too late :
For he was fitted ere they came ;
Death brought no terrour but its name :
Since life attempts with wings to flie,
The Gods should see, he durst to die.
Thus cunningly he holds dispute,
Whilst *Jove* attendeth him as mute :
Anon (grown desperate) by strength
From *Jove* he struggles ; and at length,

When

When gotten loose, with might and main
He nimblly trips o'er hill and plain
Till got to *Italy*; 'tis sed,
From thence to *Sicily* he fled;
And there his final overthrow
Surpris'd him: *Jove* from head to toe
With *Ætna* hid him. Stories tell,
This *Ætna* is the mouth of hell.
Briareus tasted of the fate
His brother did. And thus the State
Of Gyants was dethron'd: for why?
Who spurns against a Deity,
Can less expect? Let Gods be still
Unjust, no force can quell their will.

But

But *Typhon*, some are bold to say,
Has ever since that fatal day
Spit through the Rocks both fire & smoke
Enough ten thousand men to choke.
However, Vice you see will finde
Its pleasures have a sting behinde :
And men must know, there's always Rods
In pills, for those blaspheme the Gods.



F I N I S.

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